

# Vinnie Paz - 7 Fires of Prophecy Lyrics

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[Intro: Eric Kelly]

We minding my business and leave me yours alone  
We talking about me your job is on the camera motherfucker  
Hey look at this motherfucker right here in the back. Look. Look. Look at this motherfucker right here in the  
back  
Look. Look at him uppercut. Look at the uppercut! Look at the uppercut! Look at the uppercut!  
Look lo lo lo look at the uppercut right there! Hey! Hey, do the uppercut again! Do the uppercut again  
"Is it good or bad?"  
Terrible. Like the worst thing in the world  
Hey it's a job, you know what I mean? And especially in America having a job is a blessing and doing  
something you love is a blessing even if the people are miscreants  
Yeah you's a fucking wuss. You know what I mean? You couldn't last a day in my shoes  
A lot of these cats I wish they'd just forget the address to the gym  
You know everything is not for everybody. You don't see me going in motherfucking Wall Street picking up a  
fucking briefcase trying to type do you? Cause that's not what the fuck I do  
I beat the fuck out of people. You know what I mean?

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]

Flow is tsunami, bulletproof Bugatti  
Arab Nazi spraying a semi out a Ferrari  
Crash Maybach Music, smash Aston Martins  
Cops turned rappers, y'all niggas is targets!  
Regardless, I'm the hardest to wannabe martyrs  
Chest game weak, niggas need to move more smarter  
Art of war is mastered, my thoughts be the realest  
Military intelligence, hood under surveillance  
Armed up like they got beef with the government  
Hood shit, ghetto apostle, live covenant  
Move like the niggas that's facing Capital Punishment  
Jedi, Militant Minds is who I run with  
Queens where the villains meet, killas with illa heat  
Lifers with blood in they eye, saying they feeling me  
Naturally will only be me, one tragedy  
Kuwait Majesty, stay tuned, witness the faculty

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Come on lord don't make me load the pump  
The Mossberg have you taking shots like the local drunk  
My trigger finger itch like I ain't had a smoke in months  
I land a left-right-left before you throw a punch. (Left, right left!)  
I was sent from God in case Jehovah fronts  
I'm the explorer in the Torah I was chosen once  
Put you in the corner you a lonely dunce  
I been rhyming since Phyllis Hyman and golden fronts  
And y'all don't wanna see the heat melt  
The strap go click and I ain't talking bout a seat-belt  
Y'all could never feel the pain that we felt

Pops died, watch my mother cry, think how she felt!  
You in México, fuck around with Federale  
I ain't hard to find, look for the severed bodies  
I come from a culture where we treasure Gotti  
Sono Italiano, we ...., rebel Gotti!